ROYAL MANHOOD.

Manhood, the richest product of a nation,
Which rises o'er all names and station;
Not bestowed by kings in lofty places,
It can be gained above all races.

It is a growth which is but slow,
Its seeds at first make little show;
Though small they have the germs within,
From which great characters begin.

The mind and heart are both evolved
And are on good and truth resolved;
They rise to might by slow degrees
And tower on high like lofty trees.

They've more than leaves upon their branches,
Their fruit does not depend on chances,
It comes by laws that never waver,
Which are controlled by Godly favor.

Great thoughts, good feelings, ever active,
Nor dormant but they're all alive,
And manifest themselves in noble acts,
Show what they are by the hard facts.

The worldly great may frown and shun,
The names of such may scorn to mention,
But royal manhood stands high by right,
Shines bright but not by borrowed light.

How many names that dazzled for a time,
Whom poets vied to eulogize in rhyme;
They passed away—rank and title don't avail,
To make their claim to royalty prevail.

They had wealth, and power and fame,
And millions often spoke their name,
But lived not warm in human hearts,
To enthrone them there defies all arts.

But many names just before us rise
Whose honors now give no surprise;
For wise men see their worth is real,
Manhood in them their lives reveal.

By some they're called fanatics and what not?
But they will live when others are forgot,
They stand and shine like purest gold,
As years advance they grow not old.

Those then alone achieve success,
Who royal manhood do possess;
Who never bow to shows of dross
And are pure metal free from loss.

—By Prof. John Moore, Boston.

A Break in the Shaft.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Clang! Clang! The gong behind the brass-rimmed telegraph-dial in the engine-room of the Atlantic liner Trinidad pealed imperiously, and the moving indicator stopped at "half speed." Donald Moore, the heavy-shouldered Scotch engineer, spun the starting-wheel. Responsive to the rushing steam from the boilers under which the fires had been kindled twelve hours before, the ponderous machinery woke to life; and the hot, oil-heavy air was fanned by the sweep of mighty arms of steel.

Sandy McCabe, the youngest "greaser," was busy here and there, trickling oil from his long-nosed can into the brass cups that eased the friction-points of the laboring machinery. Glasgow-born, he had spent the working portion of his twenty-one years in the shipyards of his native city. It was his ambition to become an engineer. Although he had made six trips on the Trinidad, the novelty and fascination of his duties had not yet worn off.

Clang! Clang! Again the brazen gong pealed out. "Full speed ahead!" Moore gave the wheel another turn The boat was forging through the outer channel, and already her plates were beginning to quiver under the seawalls. Her nose was pointed toward England, three thousands miles away.

"It's time for me to oil the bearings of the propeller-shaft," said Sandy to himself.

Kneeling before a small doorway in the rear of the engine-room, he lighted his lantern. Before him yawned a black cavity.

It was the entrance to the "tunnel," five feet in diameter and about fifty feet long, running back over the keel to the stern of the liner, through which ran the rapidly revolving shaft of the propeller.

Sandy closed the door behind him. He was tall and thin, and the lowness of the tunnel did not premit him to stand upright. He proceeded down the narrow passage, oiling each bearing as he came to it. The rays from his lantern glittered on the round of polished steel, revolving rapidly and silently.

There was very little roll so far below the surface of the water. The air was damp and somewhat close, for the Trinidad was an old fashioned boat with but one screw, and her single tunnel lacked the means of ventilation provided in more modern craft. Directly over the young Scot's head, beyond the thin roof of half-inch plates, lay hundreds of tons of cargo.

As he approached the stern, he could feel the increasing tremor of the screw. Only a few feet away outside the hull the sharp blades were churning the water to foam with sixty-five revolutions to the minute. He poked the slender inquisitive nose of his can down close to the last bearing, and drenched it with quick-dropping oil.

Suddenly he was aware of a strange humming vibration behind him. Turning quickly, he held up his lantern so that its rays shone back along the shafting. It was oscillating irregularly; from the bearings came a shrill note of complaint. Then before his very eyes happened a strange and fearful thing.

With a sharp rending crack the shaft sprang asunder, and out whirled a furiously jumping splinter of steel. It smote the top and side of the tunnel, ripping and tearing through the half-inch plates. There was a soft, thunderous rushing, and down burst a yellow deluge that filled the passage from roof to floor, and boiled round the ankles of the astounded oiler. The broken shaft had smashed through the floor of the lower hold into the cargo of grain!

So quickly did the disaster take place that Sandy had no time to think of darting out. Well that he did not, for he would have been torn to pieces by the circling steel or smothered in the rushing wheat. Dumb with terror, he shrank back, his eyes fixed on the wildly tossing grain heap under which the shaft was still oscillating.

Gradually the movements grew slower and slower, and at last ceased entirely. The engines had been stoped.

McCabe's first thought had been for the safety of the steamer. There was power enough in that ragged steel end to shear through the Trinidad's outer shell, and send her to the bottom. He crouched breathless in the close atmosphere, dim with floury dust, dreading a breach in the hull and the inrush of the sea. But all grew quiet without that final disaster. Sandy felt a great relief. They were so near port that a tug could soon tow the steamer back and dock her for repairs.

Then it dawned upon him that he was in a serious position. The grain had completely choked the tunnel. It sloped from his ankles up to the break in the roof-plates. He held his lantern up, and saw through the subsiding dust that there was no crevice between the close-packed kernels and the curved iron sheets. How was it possible for him to get out?

The gushing of water fell upon his ears. He turned, and saw two or three considerable jets spurting through the hull round the shaft. At this point there was already more or less leakage, which ordinarily drained beneath the tunnel floor to the pumps. Wheat now choked the well that took care of this inflow. It was running in much more rapidly than usual, and was already two inches deep on the floor.

Leaning forward in the thick air, with the water soaking through the wheat that clung about his ankles, Sandy thought the situation over.

He knew that the break must have been discovered at once in the engine-room, and the machinery stopped, for there was now no tremor in the walls of his prison. Beside him the section of the shaft bearing the screw had also come to rest. Probably even now his friends were on the other side of the mass of grain, wondering if he were still alive.

He struck the steel wall once, twice, thrice, with his oil-can; and three taps answered him from beyond the heap. They knew his plight, and would render what help they could.

But how? An attempt to dig him out would end in disaster, for the grain above was fifteen feet deep, and the enormous pressure of thousands of bushels would send a steady torrent down to take the place of any that might be removed. Indeed, it would make the latter thicker, and his situation so much the worse. And yet the sole avenue of escape lay through those close-packed kernels; in every other direction were walls of steel.

The space in which he was penned contained no more air than would suffice for twenty minutes at the most. Already his lungs were suffering from the closeness and the dust. His lantern was growing dim. The water about his feet was rising rapidly.

It is a fearful thing to feel that your span of life is measured by a certain number of breaths. Sandy did not know what scheme for his rescue might be on foot beyond that sloping wall. It would not do to depend too much on his friends. He might suffocate before help could reach him. He must make a fight for himself.

How far was it through the mass of wheat? Again he tapped on the steel, and back came answering taps not far away. The barrier could not be very thick at the top. He must force a way through it. In this lay his only hope.

All depended on the position and size of the rent through which the grain had entered the tunnel. If it were in the middle of the roof and very large, there was no possibility of success.

He sat his lantern down on the bearing, and crawled cautiously up the soft slope, careful not to start the wheat flowing again.

He burrowed with his hands into the summit of the barrier. It did not seem so very solid; but when he withdrew them, he could feel the kernels follow.

Thrusting his face close up to the steel, he made a quick dive into the yielding mass, hoping to be able to push his body through it. But it was firmer than he had thought, and he was compelled to drag himself back defeated, ears, nose and mouth full of dust.

Staggering down the slope, he dropped in a heap in the deepening water. The air was now barely breathable. The light from his lantern had become a mere smoky blur. Insensibility and death would be his portion if he remained there a few minutes more. Yet what use to make another attempt?

On the oiler's dulled ears and dizzy senses fell again a series of persistent inquiring taps. He shook off the creeping stupor, and started up. What were his friends doing to help him? He had barely reason enough to tap back in token that he was still alive. Then, crazed to think that he must die with safety so near, he hurled himself like a madman upon the grain. Better to perish fighting than to suffocate without effort.

The consciousness that this was his last chance brought back clearness to his muddled brain. Painfully exploring the summit with his finger-tips, he decided that the pressure was less on the right side, Crowding himself up between wheat and steel, choking and blinded, he dug and wriggled and fought his way deeper and deeper into the mass, which allowed him to progress by inches, but closed round him like water.

Well for him that he was thin and tall! Otherwise he would never have been able to wedge himself between the curved plates and the thousands of resisting kernels.

As he pushed himself along, keeping a little air-space beneath his face and working the grain behind him, he felt on his left side the steady, merciless pressure from above, bruising him almost beyond endurance.

Sandy had now penetrated so far into the wheat that he could not get back. His strength was nearly gone. The kernels were close up against his nostrils, they filled his ears, they fought to crowd between his lips. He could not draw a breath.

His fingers, thrust despairingly straight before him, conveyed the news that the mass was growing looser. He made two or three frantic efforts, wriggled forward a few inches farther, and then stopped. His hands had broken through into an empty space, but he could not make another motion.

Just then his wrists were seized by his friends, and he was dragged, dragged, bruised and bleeding and all but insensible, into the open tunnel beyond the barrier.—Youth's Companion.

WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

Director of Mint Places it at $376,289,200 in 1905.

The stock of the world's gold was enriched in 1905 by the production of new metal to the value of $376,289,200, this output being nearly $20,000,000 larger than that of 1904. In giving this final estimate the Director of the Mint said that the largest producer of gold last year was Africa, with an output of $113,329,110, while the United States ranked second, with $88,180,700, and Australasia third, with $83,926,500.

The important gains in gold production were $7,716,000 by the United States, $27,415,200 by Africa and $2,655,900 by Mexico. Losses in gold production were $1,913,000 by Canada, $1,840,800 by Australasia and $2,511,600 by Russia.

All of the principal silver producing countries showed a falling off in the output of that metal compared with the previous year; the United States, of 1,500,000 ounces; Mexico, of 6,156,000 ounces; Australasia, of 2,000,000 ounces; South America, or 1,742,000 ounces, and Japan of nearly 1,000,000 ounces. The average value of silver in New York, based on London's price converted at the current rates of exchange, was 61 cents per fine ounce, which may be compared with 58 cents for 1904, 54 cents for 1903 and 52 cents for 1902, the lowest year's price on record.

The largest silver producing country in 1905 was the United States, with a total production of 56,101,600 fine ounces, but Mexico was a close second, with 54,652,893 fine ounces.

The gain in gold production in the United States last year was due largely to the increased output in Alaska. This year's unofficial estimate of the production in that territory shows an even larger gain than was shown last year, for the total will certainly reach $20,000,000. Director Roberts, in commenting on the production of gold and silver in the United States last year said today:

"The most important changes in gold production are shown by Alaska, which advances from $9,160,500 in 1904 to $14,925,600 in 1905. Colorado shows an increase from $24,395,800 in 1904 to $25,701,100 in 1905, due to freedom from labor troubles. Nevada shows a gain from $4,307,800 in 1904 to $5,359,100 in 1905, and a gain in silver from 2,695,100 to 5,863,500 fine ounces."

The Director of the Mint says that Nevada will show for 1906 a much larger gain in both gold and silver, and that the State seems likely to make a contest, for first place as a producer of the precious metal. The total output of silver is about 1,500,000 ounces under that of the previous year, the three heaviest producers, Colorado, Montana and Utah, all showing a decline.

John Jacob Astor is the largest private owner of automobiles in this country. They number twenty-four, the average cost of each is about $5,000, making a total of $120,000 invested in his machines.

THE SEPARATION LAW.

POWER OF CHURCH IN FRANCE COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

Public Worship Associations Having Refused, at the Instance of the Pope, to Take Over Its Vast Possessions, They Revert to the Government.

The Separation law, which has gone into effect, disestablishes the Roman Catholic Church in France and turns over to the State the title to religious and ecclesiastical property estimated to have cost over $200,000,000. The law was passed by the Chamber of Deputies on July 3, 1905, and by the Senate on Dec. 6, 1905, and was finally ratified as a law on Dec. 11, 1905, to be put into force a year from that date.

The Act of Disestablishment, which divorces France from official connection with all religious sects, stipulates that the churches may be turned over within a year of the passage of the act to "public worship associations." The Catholics, by order of the Vatican, refused to form such associations.

There is still another year, namely, until Dec. 11, 1907, within which the State may, if it so chooses, transfer the religious property to these public-worship associations, but meantime the title to the property has been lost to the Church, and the State has, from today, the right to seize, sell or destroy all of the Church's property or otherwise put it in liquidation. Until the State takes over the religious property the churches may be used free, but the act says the State must dispose of all the property within five years— that is to say, by December 11, 1910. The older clergy are promised life pensions not to exceed 1500 francs; the rest are pensioned for from four to eight years.

The Act of Disestablishment not only severs all connection between Church and State, but prevents or seeks to prevent, the future rise of a privately endowed church as a rival to the State by limiting the amount of endowment which any church may accumulate to three times its revenue where the annual revenue exceeds 5000 francs. The financial management of the "public worship association" is subjected to the control of the State, and whatever possessions they may acquire are to be taxed. Buildings and funds devoted to charitable, apart from purely religious, purposes, are handed over to charitable institutions to be directed by the State.

Under the Act of Disestablishment the State will save annually about $8,500,000 in salaries hitherto paid to the Catholic clergy out of the public budget. All of the great cathedrals, including Notre Dame, of Paris; the $5,000,000 Basilica of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, and the beautiful and costly property at Lourdes, as well as the ancient historic piles at Rouen and elsewhere will pass into the hands of the Government.

The Act of Disestablishment is the final step in the complete abrogation of the Concordat signed by the first Napoleon and Pope Pius VII, on July 15, 1801, which re-established the Church as an institution of the State after its complete overthrow under the Reign of Terror. Napoleon afterward modified the Concordat by his organic articles, which reduced the Church almost to the condition of a department of the Government. Under the Second Empire the subvention of the clergy by the Government was considerably increased. They enjoyed a practical monopoly of the burials.

Although for twenty-five years past the gradual uprise of socialism in France has been a constantly growing menace to the Church as an institution of the State, and although, so far back as 1881 a law—that regulating public assemblies—was passed which was later construed to hamper the meetings of religious congregations, it was not until 1901 that the first decisive legislative blow was struck at the bond that bound the Church to the Government.

This was the "Associations Act" of Waldeck-Rousseau, which was prompted, it was declared by the Government, by numerous conspiracies against the Republic to which the militant orders of the Church, such as the Assumptionists and Jesuits, were alleged to have contributed largely, in the shape of funds. The "Associations Act" required the heads of all religious orders to report to the Government the covenants of the association, secret or otherwise, the place of meeting, the names of all members, etc. Penalty for failure to comply was dissolution of the order and confiscation of the property, which was to be distributed, half of it among the donors, the rest to a pension fund for superannuated workingmen. The Pope instructed the religious orders not to submit to the Government their ancient rules and constitutions.

The result was the virtual extinction of the great orders of the Church. The Assumptionists, the Jesuits, the Passionists and some of the minor orders placed their property outside the jurisdiction of France. The Jesuits sent their novices to Holland, and themselves emigrated to other countries. The Carmelite, Oblate and Benedictine nuns also took refuge abroad. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and some other female orders, submitted to the new law and remained in France. Out of 16,400 religious establishments all but 5000 were in due time outlawed under the act.—New York World.

Gathering Eider-Down.

As no other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the eider duck, so in Iceland and the Westmann Islands, where these birds nest, no other bird is so strictly protected by law and by public sentiment. The Icelandic law, says the author of "The Faroes and Iceland," provides but one exception to the rule that these birds must never be killed; a man on the verge of starvation, and having absolutely no other resource, may kill one to eat, to save his life. The penalty for breaking the law is a fine of eleven dollars—an enormous sum for an Icelandic farmer.

The eider duck makes her nest of down from her own breast, forming a circular mound, beautifully regular in shape, which has the property of retaining heat in a remarkable degree. She plucks out the down with her beak If the down be removed she provides a second, sometimes even a third supply from the same source, which. then becomes exhausted.

When this occurs, the drake gives his down, which can be distinguished by its color. It was formerly the custom to take away all the down supplied by the female; but the practice was said to lead to great mortality among the ducks, through exhaustion, so now each nest is usually rifled only once before the eggs are hatched, and again after the birds have left it.

Icelandic eider farms are frequently situated on little islands off the coast covered with low hummocks. Small shelters of rough stones are made among these hummocks to protect the brooding ducks from wind and driving rain, and bells are sometimes suspended near them under the belief that their sound as they are rung by the wind, attracts the birds. On these farms the birds become very tame, so that one familiar with them can handle them on the nest without frightening them.

On such farms there is a separate depends is the tendency of the down The principle on which the cleaning depends is the tendency of the town to cling tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown. There are provided a number of oblong frames which may be either fixed horizontally or held in the hand. Along the frames are stretched, loosely, numbers of strings, either twine or thongs. The down is cast on these near one end, and a piece of wood or bone is drawn rapidly backward and forward over the the other end. The down clings to the strings, but all impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground.

Several nests of down are required to produce even a small weight, so light is the down; but the price at the farm is nearly two dollars and a half a pound, and in England and Denmark it brings much more.—Youth's Companion.

A Buggy Sixty Years Old.

The buggy in which Joseph E. Brown, Georgia's civil war governor, drove his bride, in 1848, from South Carolina to his home at Canton, Ga., has been donated to the citizens of Canton by Mrs. E. L. Connally, who had purchased the old vehicle for $10.

The Joseph E. Brown estate made a formal presentation to the town of Canton Friday of the old Brown homestead and four acres of ground, to be used as a park. At this time Mrs. Connally also gave the town the old buggy in which Governor Brown and his bride rode all the way from South Carolina. The vehicle is very valuable as a memento, and will be placed in the kitchen of the old-fashioned country mansion, where it can be carefully preserved from the weather.

The buggy, though almost sixy years old, has suffered but little from the attacks of time, and is still sound and strong. It is very unusual looking, and has great tall wheels that rise high up along the sides. It was built in Atlanta.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Influence With Him.

During a municipal election in a town in the west of Scotland a young lady who was canvassing on behalf of one of the candidates called at a house the door of which was opened by the goodwife. "I have called to solicit your vote on behalf of Mr. ——," said the young lady.

"But it's not me that's got the vote. It's ma man," replied the woman.

"Yes," said the young lady, "but I thought you might perhaps use your influence with him," says Home Notes.

"We influoence him?" said the good wife. "I hiv nae influoence wi' him. Only this morning I asked him to wash the floor afore he went out, and he wadna dae it!"